

# Two Perish in Houseboat Fire

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WEATHER

Fair  
and  
Warmer  
Today

Tuesday

NEW YORK

August 31, 1926

## EVENING GRAPHIC

Nothing  
but the  
Truth

### A PETITION



### Canceling War

**P**RESIDENT COOLIDGE says "No!" to Newton D. Baker's suggestion that the United States cancel the debts owed us by foreign governments.

The President's attitude is the true American attitude.

Cancellation of debts out of hand would encourage war.

It would lead foreign governments to believe that they always could borrow money to conduct military campaigns, and then refuse to pay.

But under proper conditions, debt cancellation could be worked out to be a boon to all humanity.

Those conditions are an AGREEMENT TO KEEP PEACE in return for the wiping out of the debts.

The promise could be enforced by the United States demanding payment every year from each debtor nation.

At the end of the year the full amount with interest would be turned back if in the intervening time the foreign government had waged no war against any other power or people.

For such an arrangement TO CANCEL WAR as well as to cancel debts the American people would vote almost unanimously.

### Murder "Evidence"

**T**HE BODY of the Rev. Edward W. Hall may be exhumed so that his fingerprints may be taken.

This is the latest "exclusive news" published by a newspaper that is more interested in sensation than in sense.

That newspaper is simply wild about fingerprints.

It published pictures of a pair of them the other day.

They were supposed to be identical, thereby connecting an accused man with the Hall-Mills murder.

An impartial expert looked over the pictures and stated emphatically that they were **NOT THE SAME**.

That left an editor with an extra pair of fingerprints on his hands.

Not knowing what else to do with them he apparently wants now to wish them on a dead man.

He is willing to drag out a poor body moldering in its shrouds for four years. . . More heartaches. . . More anguish. . . But **NO MORE EVIDENCE**.

No one needs fingerprints to connect Dr. Hall with the murder. His dead body is convincing enough proof to every one except an editor looking for senseless sensation.

### Whose Channel?

**F**OLLOWING two American girls, a German gentleman has succeeded in swimming from France to Dover. This makes it necessary to say again "What do y' mean, ENGLISH Channel?"

### Good-by "Ma"

**M**A FERGUSON was badly beaten in her attempt to be re-elected governor of Texas.

She got what she deserved.

By turning over governmental affairs to her husband she lost the sympathy of the voters.

Elected officers, men and women alike, must stand on their own feet or march back into private life.

### Smoothing Out the Bumps

Life is full of bumps.

Some are very hard.

They are inclined to shock the nervous system. But some of these bumps serve a good purpose. They awaken us to our faults. They make us see ourselves as others see us.

Some roads are quite smooth and free from ruts. You can travel along at a good rate of speed without being bumped. But a tremendous amount of money and effort is required to make a road of this sort.

Most of our main highways were at one time wagon roads. Ox teams first wended their way thereon, then came horses, mules, and finally automobiles.

It was the automobile that began to show up the bumps and made us demand smoother roads. We wanted to travel faster. We wanted to accomplish more, and the tremendous efforts necessary to build smoother roads were expended.

Life's pathway is to a large extent similar. It is very rough in the beginning. There are bumps of various kinds awaiting us, and the faster we try to go the harder we are bumped.

Finally, we learn to recognize the bumps—that is, some of us do. We can see them ahead. We can turn aside from them. Or we can spend the energy necessary to remove them from our pathway.

I have ridden in automobiles that would give your entire spine a vibration treatment. They would "jiggle" and "wiggle"—at times almost shake the breath out of your body.

I have ridden in other automobiles, over similar roads, and we would move along as evenly and smoothly as if we were riding on a skating rink. And this comparison simply shows the difference in the machines. The smooth-riding auto was supplied with shock absorbers, unusually good springs, big, heavy tires. It was all ready for the emergencies, and it would take you over the road without feeling the bumps. But the other machine lacked these improvements, and it bumped along, throwing you hither and thither if you dared to attempt a fair rate of speed. Now, some of us are prepared for life's road. We have the physical endurance, the clearness of brain, the determination, ability, enthusiasm, necessary to accomplish results, and we make progress without feeling the bumps.

But the other fellow, who lacks preparation, physical and mental strength and endurance, is bumped here, there and everywhere, and in the end fails to get anywhere. The prizes of life are not for him.

Therefore, the lesson to be learned from this philosophy is, that you must be able to see the bumps along life's road. You must be able to travel over them with ease. You must be supplied with shock absorbers in the form of knowledge, with easing springs in the form of ability, and with heavy pneumatic tires that might be termed physical and mental resistance.

Then the road of life can be made smooth. Traveling can be made easy to the one who is thus equipped.

Therefore, get ready, be prepared—that's the great idea!

*Innan Macfadden*

### WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

#### SPANK MADE HER TAME BABY

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

Since mother has been reading the spanking letters in The GRAPHIC I am a tame baby. Last night I arrived home at 2.30 a. m. plus a slight smell of liquor. Mother greeted me with a rattan that made me roar with pain. There is nothing as painful as a rattan. Believe me, I'm tame. M. E. R. Bronx.

#### MOTHER SPANKED HER ONCE

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

The GRAPHIC is read at our house and through your spanking letters mother warned me that if I did not keep better hours she would try it on me. Last night I arrived home at 2 a. m. and mother gave me the slipper. Believe me, I am cured. GRACE FRAME. East 199th Street, The Bronx.

(Other letters on Page 12)